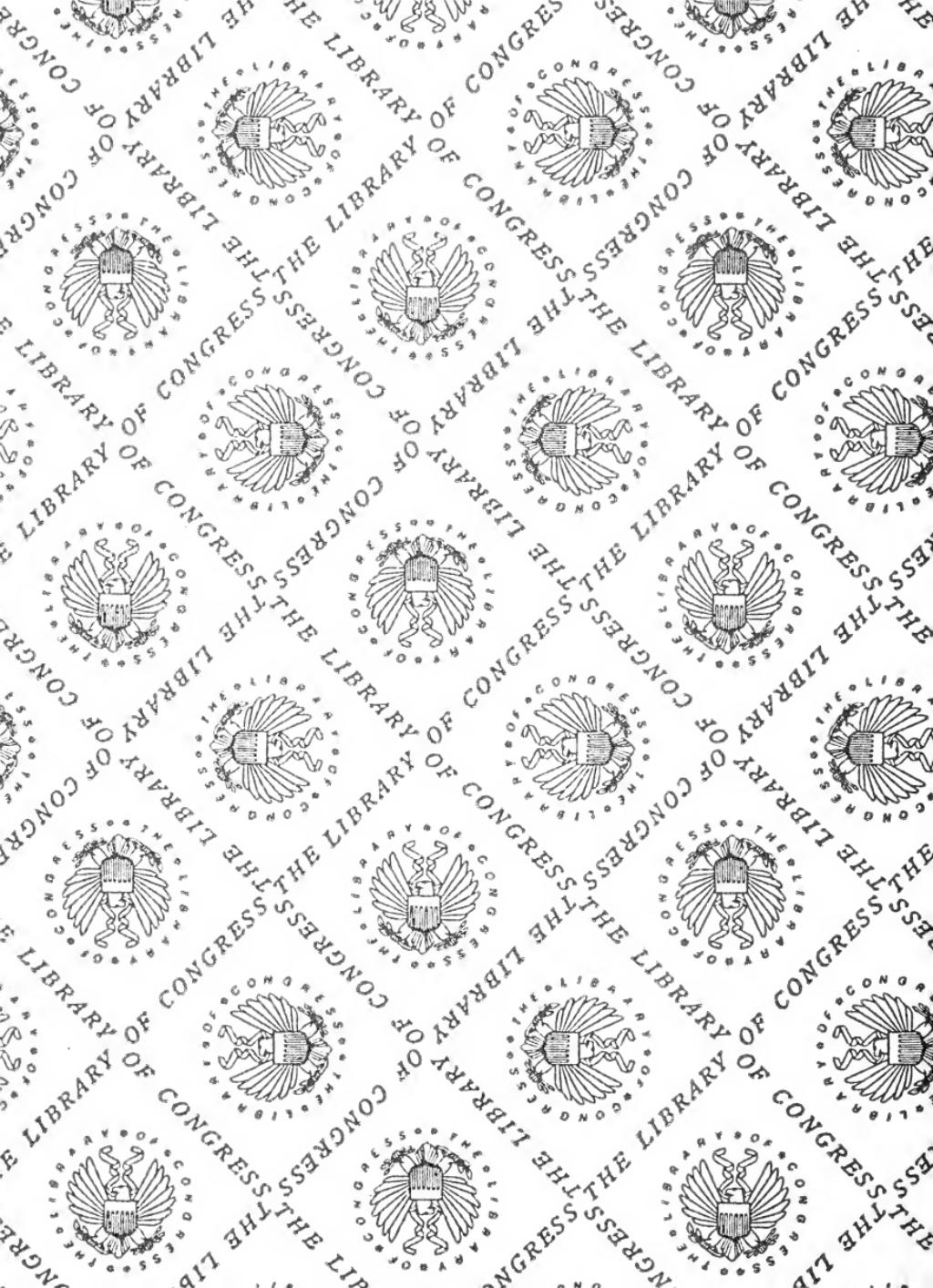
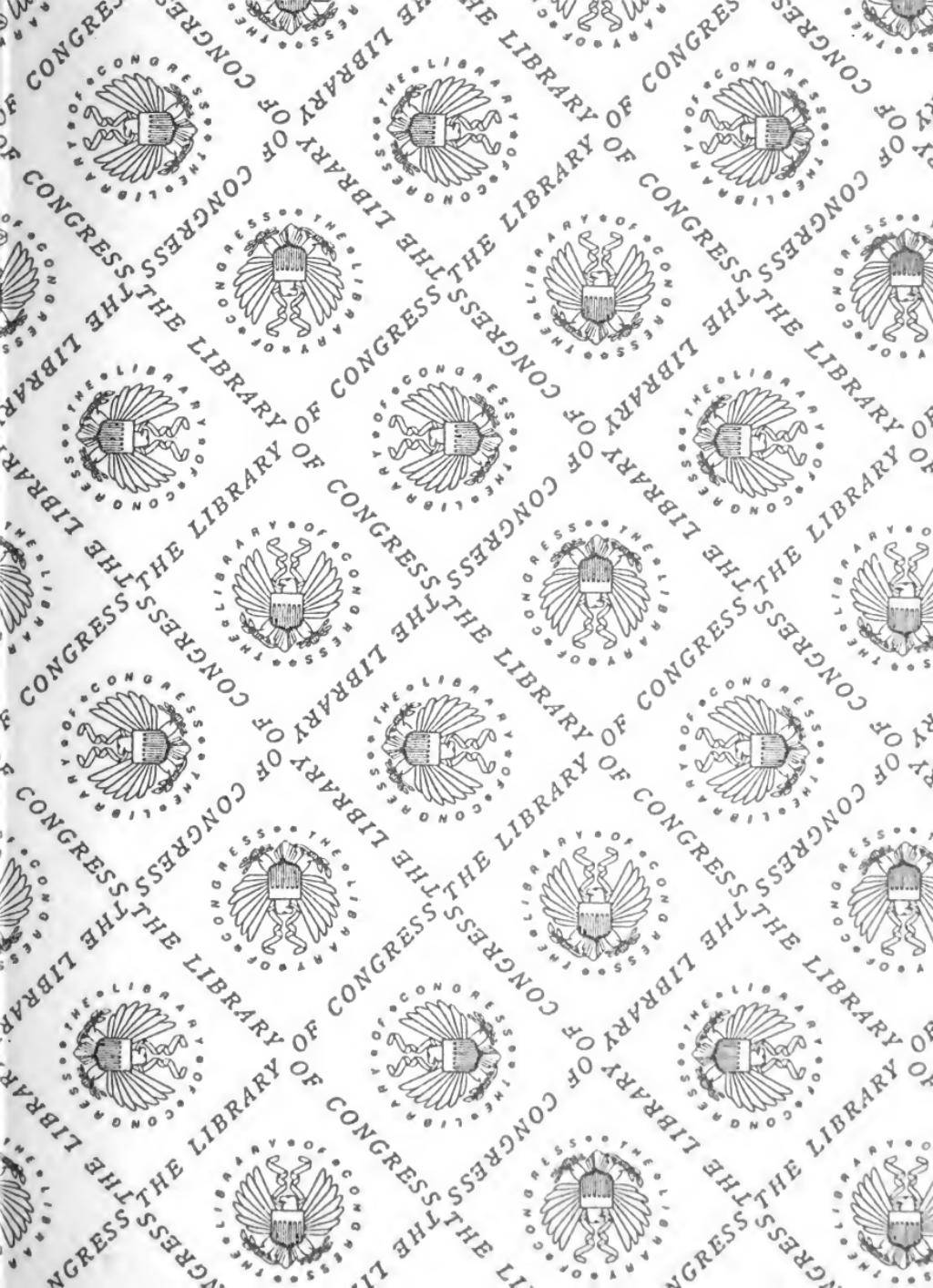


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Alice's Adventures in Cambridge

BY

R. C. Evarts

Illustrated by

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INTRODUCTION

IN all fiction there is no character that delights the hearts of both young and old more than Alice. The collaborators in this small book cast their product on a cold unfeeling world with the utmost apologies to Lewis Carroll and John Tenniel; and with an ill-nourished hope that those who read will do so with a lenient eye. The idea was conceived of transplanting Alice to Cambridge, and there showing her some of the strange things that may be found in that peculiar place. She found many curious creatures and had many wonderful Adventures.

These few chapters appeared first in the "Harvard Lampoon"—that Prince of humorous papers. They have now collected themselves, and here stand ready to meet the fierce glare of publicity.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., June 17, 1913.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

	PAGE
THE INFECTIO N MEETING	7

CHAPTER II

HUMPTY DUMPTY OF MANTER HALL	16
--	----

CHAPTER III

THE MAD MEETING	24
---------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV

ALICE MEETS THE BLACK KNIGHT AND THE CHANNING MOUSE	33
--	----

CHAPTER V

TWEEDLE AND TWADDLE	40
-------------------------------	----

CHAPTER VI

THE QUEEN'S CROQUET PARTY	49
-------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER VII

ALICE AND THE WHITE KNIGHT	58
--------------------------------------	----

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN CAMBRIDGE

CHAPTER I

THE INFECTION MEETING

ALICE was just about to enter one of the tempting little shops with purple socks and ties in the window, when she saw the White Rabbit hurrying across a mud puddle. She ran after him, and caught him just as he reached a curbstone.

“Please —” she began.

But the White Rabbit did not even turn his head.

“No, I have n’t any pennies,” he said.

“But I wanted to know —” said Alice.

“Oh, it’s you, is it?” the White Rabbit said, turning round and blowing a huge cloud of smoke from his pipe into Alice’s face. “Well, come on.”

“Where?” asked Alice.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

"To the Infection Meeting, of course," said the White Rabbit, starting off at a rapid pace.

"But I don't want to be infected," Alice said, as she ran after him. "I've had the



mumps once, and the measles, and ever so many other things."

"Ah! But you have n't had probation yet," said the White Rabbit, "and you'll catch it sure if you don't go to your Infection Meetings. I'm a Sophomore and I ought to know. Come on."

IN CAMBRIDGE

“Who will give it to me?” asked Alice, feeling a little alarmed.

“The Queen, of course. Come on.”

Alice did n’t like being ordered about in this way, but she followed the White Rabbit,



who led her to a room filled with animals of all kinds sitting on benches. At one end of the room was a platform where a large frog sat behind a desk. He was a very young-looking frog, Alice thought, but he looked so severe that she sat down quietly beside the White Rabbit.

The frog, after looking more severe than

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

ever, suddenly began to write very fast on a blackboard behind him. Alice tried to make out what he was writing, but it seemed to be chiefly nonsense. It ran something like this:

“If, other things being equal, the level



of prices should rise, and thus falling create a demand and supply with, and as which, would you consider this a division of labor? If so, when, and in what capacity? If not, why not, and under what circumstances?”

As soon as he had finished, all the other

IN CAMBRIDGE

animals produced paper from nowhere in particular, and began to scribble as fast as they could. Alice noticed that the Lizard, who was sitting in the front row, was the only one who wrote anything original. All the others copied from his paper, and crowded round him so closely that Alice was afraid the poor little creature would be smothered. Meanwhile the frog looked at the ceiling. "He could n't look anywhere else, poor thing," thought Alice; "his eyes are in the top of his head."

About two seconds had passed when the frog called out "Time!" and began to gather up the papers. When he had collected them all, he took them to his desk and began to mark them. He marked the first one A, the second one B, and so on down to F, when he began over again with A. All this time he kept his eyes tight shut. "So he will be sure to be impartial," the White Rabbit explained to Alice.

After the marking was finished, the frog handed the papers back to their owners. The

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

White Rabbit, who had written nothing at all, had a large A on his paper. The Lizard, however, had an F marked on his.

“A,” said the White Rabbit to Alice, “means that I wrote an excellent paper.”



“But you wrote nothing,” objected Alice.

“Nothing succeeds like success,” said the White Rabbit, and hurried away, leaving Alice a little puzzled.

Meanwhile all the animals except the frog had disappeared.

“Would you mind telling me,” began

IN CAMBRIDGE

Alice, feeling that there ought to be some conversation, "why you —"

"Certainly not," said the frog, handing her a book. "I think you will find this a very able exposition of the subject."

Alice opened the book, and finding it to be poetry, she read the first piece through.

JABBERWOCKY

'T was taussig, and the bushnell hart
Did byron hurlbut in the rand,
All barrett was the wendell (Bart.)
And the charles t. cope-*land*.

Beware the Münsterberg, my son!
'T will read your mind — you bet it can!
Beware the Grandgent bird, and shun
The frisky Merriman.

He took his bursar sword in hand:
Long time his neilson foe he sought —
So rested he by the bernbaum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in coolidge thought he stood,
The Münsterberg, with eyes of flame,
Came spalding through the perry wood,
And babbit as it came!

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The bursar blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He santayanad back.



And hast thou slain the Münsterberg?
Come to my arms, my bierwirth boy!
O Kittredge day! Allard! Bôcher!
He schofield in his joy.

IN CAMBRIDGE

'T was taussig, and the bushnell hart
Did byron hurlbut in the rand,
All barrett was the wendell (Bart.)
And the charles t. cope-*land*.

“It’s very interesting,” said Alice, after she had finished, “but I don’t *quite* understand it.”

“You will absorb it after awhile,” said the frog, as he got up and walked away, “if you have the faculty.”

CHAPTER II

HUMPTY DUMPTY OF MANTER HALL

AFTER carefully stepping over all the mud-puddles, Alice at last reached the sidewalk, and to her astonishment saw a large cat bowing and smiling before her.

“Good morning, sir,” said the cat, “anything for Max to-day?”

“I did n’t know cats could talk!” cried Alice in surprise.

“I’m a Keezer Cat. All Keezer cats can talk,” replied the cat, grinning more than ever; “anything for Max to-day?”

“Who is Max, and what does he want?” Alice asked.

“This is Max,” said the cat, and disappeared with a bow.

Alice walked on another block, and was about to turn down a side street, when she was startled by a voice saying, “Anything

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

for Max to-day?" and, turning round, saw the Keezer Cat at her elbow.

"Goodness!" cried Alice, "I wish you



would n't frighten one so. You almost made me jump out of my skin."

"I wish you *would* jump out of your skin," the Keezer Cat replied, "then I'd buy it from you. After you had jumped

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

out you would n't need it any more, you know."

"But I don't want to sell my skin," said Alice. "It's too useful."

"I'll give you fifty cents for it," the cat said, "and be robbing myself at that."

Alice paid no attention to this remark. She thought it sounded bloodthirsty, and, feeling a little afraid of being skinned alive, she hurried on. When she came to the next corner, there was the cat again, grinning as much as ever.

"Come, I'll match you whether I pay you a dollar or nothing," said the cat, edging up very close.

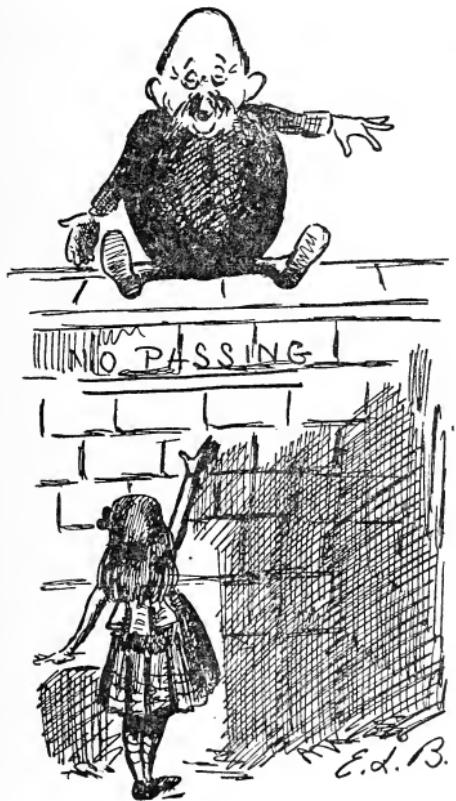
"How do you happen to be on *every* corner?" Alice asked, hoping to change the subject.

"I live on street corners," replied the cat, "and I'll give you seventy-five cents for your skin, on the spot. It would ruin me to go any higher."

The insistence of the animal frightened Alice so much that she began to run. After

IN CAMBRIDGE

she had run what seemed at least three miles, and jumped over about a thousand puddles, and overtaken and passed eighteen



street-cars, she came to a stop in front of one of the strangest looking objects she had ever seen. It looked very much like an egg,

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

and yet it certainly was a person, for it had eyes, nose, and mouth, and even a moustache. It was seated on a high board fence on which was a sign with "NO PASSING THROUGH" on it in large letters.

"You can't pass," cried the creature as Alice approached; "that is, unless I allow you to. Nobody can pass without my help."

"Whom have I the honor of addressing?" asked Alice.

"Humpty Dumpty of Manter Hall," said the creature, extending his hand. "How do you do?"

Alice could not help repeating to herself the old nursery rhyme:

"Humpty Dumpty of Manter Hall,
If it were n't for you we'd go to the wall,
All the Dean's office and all the Dean's men
Would be forced to double their business then."

"Are you coming to my Seminar?" asked Humpty Dumpty after a pause. "A Seminar is a place where you can learn in three

IN CAMBRIDGE

hours what it takes a Professor three months to teach.”

“How very convenient,” Alice said. “Could you explain something now for me?”

“I already know what you are going to ask,” said Humpty Dumpty. “From long practice in foretelling examination questions I have become a regular clairvoyant. You were about to ask me why I am a Widow. Because men may come, and men may go, but I go on forever, of course. That’s too easy. Ask another.”

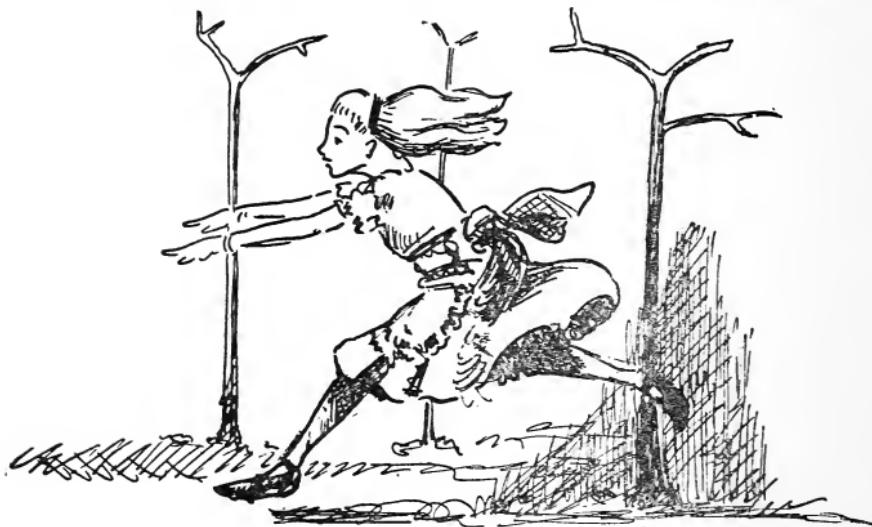
“But that is n’t my question at all,” said Alice. “I just wanted you to explain some poetry I read this morning. This is how it went:

“ ’T was taussig, and the bushnell hart
Did byron hurlbut in the rand,
All barrett was the wendell (Bart.)
And the charles t. cope-*land*.”

“Nothing is easier,” Humpty Dumpty replied. “Taussig means gusty, showery weather. A bushnell hart is an animal — a

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

cross between a Bull Moose and a walrus. It has a bushy hair, and lives on its reputation. To byron hurlbut is to pounce on people and worry them unreasonably. A rand is a classical place, unknown to many,



and situated somewhere in the Sabbatical. Barrett is an adjective used to denote any member of the Royal Family of England. A wendell is a comparatively literary rarity indigenous to the English court. Bart. is English for Baronet. A charles t. is a kind of cherub which lives on cheap cigarettes

IN CAMBRIDGE

and strange customs. It can be brought to bay in its lair any time during the morning. Copeland is the past participle of a verb meaning to fly about in eccentric circles. Is there anything else I can tell you?"

"No, thank you," said Alice, "you are very kind, I am sure."

"Now you owe me thirty dollars," Humpty Dumpty said. "You had better make out a check."

"Dear me," said Alice to herself, "I never saw such mercenary creatures in my life."

Then a bright idea came into her head.

"Would you mind making out an itemized bill?" she asked.

"Certainly not," Humpty Dumpty replied, and taking out a large fountain-pen, began to write. While he busied himself thus, Alice slipped away, and was soon lost to sight among the red oak saplings.

CHAPTER III

THE MAD MEETING

AFTER running a little way through the woods, Alice stopped in surprise before a table which was set out under a tree. The table was laid for at least thirty people, but only three were sitting at it. Alice immediately recognized the Hatter and the March Hare, and the third she was quite sure must be the Dormouse, as it was fast asleep. The Hatter wore a very high hat covered with eight or ten hatbands of various colors. As soon as he saw Alice he cried out, "Radcliffe not admitted!"

"But my name is n't Radcliffe," said Alice, as she took a seat.

"Nobody said it was," the Hatter replied.

"But you *looked* at me," said Alice.

"That was unavoidable," said the March Hare. "Nobody looks at Radcliffe students for pleasure."

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

“I don’t think much of Nobody’s taste then,” said the Dormouse, waking up.

“Come, come,” cried the Hatter, bring-



ing a huge mallet down on the table with a crash. “The meeting is called to order.”

“This is a meeting of the Student Council,” the March Hare explained to Alice, “and we are the Student Council. At least,” he said,

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

pointing to the Dormouse, "he is the Student, and *we* are the Council."

"Phibetakappa, Phibetakappa, Phibetakappa," murmured the Dormouse sleepily,



and was immediately silenced by the Hatter hitting him over the head with the mallet.

"That's his way of apologizing for being here," said the March Hare. "You see he's neither athletic nor prominent."

"I suppose you are both," said Alice politely.

IN CAMBRIDGE

“No, I’m only athletic,” replied the March Hare. “He’s really prominent though,” he went on, pointing to the Hatter. “See all his hatbands.”

“Yes,” said the Hatter proudly. “You see, this style of hat allows me to wear them all at once.”

“But I don’t see the object,” said Alice.

“The object is plain enough,” the March Hare said; “it is right underneath the hat.”

“Order!” shouted the Hatter. “There is a motion before the house. All those in favor say aye. The ayes have it. The motion is carried.”

“What was the motion?” asked Alice.

“I have n’t the slightest idea,” said the Hatter.

“Then I don’t see how you can carry it, if you don’t know what it is,” said Alice rather impatiently.

“I did n’t carry it. I passed it,” the Hatter replied.

“But that’s the same thing,” said Alice.

“Not the same thing at all,” said the

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

March Hare. "You might as well say that a forward pass is the same thing as a touch-down."

"You might as well say," the Dormouse drowsily murmured, "that to pass with an A is the same thing as to fail with an E."

"You might as well say that the *Crime* is the same thing as the penalty," said the Hatter.

"It *is* the same thing, if you read it," said the March Hare.

Alice was silent. She felt somehow that they were all talking nonsense.

"Now," said the Hatter, after a pause, "we will turn to the very important question whether straw hats should be worn by the Student Body before the first of April."

"Is that as important as to decide who should be manager of the Chess Team?" asked the March Hare.

"Well," said the Hatter judicially, "it certainly ought to come before the question of Freshman nominations."

"Phibetakappa, Phibetakappa, Phibetakappa," the Dormouse began, and would

IN CAMBRIDGE

have gone on indefinitely had not the March Hare shoved under its nose a large volume on Political Economy which so absorbed the



little animal that he subsided, and was soon asleep again.

“I don’t see why you call this the Student

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

Council," said Alice. "The Student part of it does n't have any say at all."

"He can say only one thing, and it gets



tiresome after a while," the Hatter answered. "Would you like to hear a song?"

"I should love to," said Alice, only too glad to keep out of an argument.

IN CAMBRIDGE

Thereupon the Hatter stood up, and began to sing, in a tune which was a mixture of “Fair Harvard” and “Yankee Doodle,” —

“We are the Student Council.
We were fathered by a *Crime*.
Our word is law,
Our law is words,
Believe me, every time.
We draw up constitutions,
We *submit* resolutions,
We cogitate,
We mediate,
We elevate,
We meditate,
And are known for doing nothing
In every land and clime.”

“That’s very pretty,” said Alice. “I don’t think I ever heard anything like it before.”

“I hear you are on probation,” said the March Hare looking severely at Alice. “Hereafter you can take part in no College Activities — By-law 68, Article 507, Section 1654 of the Revised Constitution.”

This was so rude that it was beyond en-

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

durance. Alice got up and left without another word. As she walked away, she heard the Hatter and March Hare discussing violently whether the Student Body could wear a straw hat at all unless it had a head.

CHAPTER IV

ALICE MEETS THE BLACK KNIGHT AND THE CHANNING MOUSE

ALICE gave a little scream of delight when she came in sight of Harvard Square.

“Now I know where I am,” she said to herself. “I can tell by that — that — well, that big round thing in the middle. I declare! I do believe I have forgotten its name,” she went on. “I wonder if I can remember my own. Let’s see — is it Mabel? No. It must be Bertha. No, that’s not right either. I know it began with an L. Oh dear, I really *have* forgotten it. What *shall I do!*”

Here Alice began to cry. You must remember she was a very little girl, and had never forgotten her name before.

“Come, come,” said a voice, “don’t cry. We have had enough rain lately.”

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

"But I have forgotten my name," sobbed Alice.

"Oh, is that all?" said the voice. "Well, your name is Alice."



Alice looked up and saw the Black Knight standing in front of her. There was no mistaking him, because he wore a full suit of black tin armor.

IN CAMBRIDGE

“Thank you,” said Alice. “I’m sure I don’t know how I came to forget it.”

“Is there anything else you would like to know?” said the Black Knight politely. “I can tell you your age, class, and marks for the last three years; also your brother’s, father’s, grandfather’s and great-grandfather’s names, classes, marks, and general appearance.”

“What a wonderful person you must be!” said Alice, drying her eyes.

“Not at all,” replied the Black Knight. “It is all in a day’s work. You see, I have two assistants — the Queen and the Recorder.”

“What does the Recorder do?” asked Alice.

“He counts the number of cuts it takes to sever connection with the University,” the Black Knight answered.

“It must be very trying sort of work,” said Alice.

“Yes, he’s trying all the time,” said the Black Knight, “but he never succeeds without the Queen’s help.”

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

“I suppose you know how to manage them,” said Alice.

“Oh yes,” the Black Knight said. “You see, they have to go to me for their facts. The fiction they do themselves. By the way, would you like to see an Iconoclast?”

“What is it?” asked Alice, not quite sure whether it was an animal or a Greek temple.

“Come on,” said the Black Knight. “I'll show you.”

Alice was doubtful at first whether she wanted to go or not, but she followed the Black Knight till they came to a place where there were a lot of gravestones scattered about. At least, Alice thought they were gravestones until she read on one of them:

ON THIS SPOT (OR NEAR HERE)
GENERAL JOHNSON LOOKED FOR
FOUR-LEAVED CLOVERS
DURING THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL
JUNE 17, 1775

IN CAMBRIDGE

They passed many stones with similar inscriptions on them, when they came to one on which a mouse was working with a hammer and chisel.

The tablet read:

UNDER THIS TREE GENERAL WASHINGTON
DID TAKE COMMAND OF THE
AMERICAN ARMY
JULY 3, 1775

There was no tree in sight anywhere round, but there was a stump which Alice supposed might have been a tree once. The Mouse was busy carving NOT between the DID and the TAKE. He had done the N and was just finishing the O.

"That's the Channing Mouse," said the Black Knight. "He never believes anything he is told."

Just then the Mouse hit his thumb with the hammer, and turned round with a very annoyed expression on his face. When he

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

caught sight of Alice and the Black Knight, he cried:

“What do you want here?”

“I just wanted to see,” began Alice timidly, “what you are doing.”

“Oh,” said the Mouse in a relieved tone. “Well, I am just correcting this inscription. It is quite inaccurate. General Washington was never here. In fact, I find that he was never within twenty miles of here. I have also discovered that he never took command of the American Army for the simple reason that the American Army is a myth. I am now beginning to doubt that there was ever such a person as George Washington.”

“There’s a George Washington Cram,” said the Black Knight.

“That is also a myth,” said the Channing Mouse, “and I can prove it.”

“Oh!” cried Alice, who had been reading another tablet, “did Paul Revere ride by here?”

“Paul Revere is another myth,” said the Mouse.

IN CAMBRIDGE

“He is *not*,” said the Black Knight. “He was in the class of 1770, and had a C in English *A*, a B in History *2*, and —”

“Your memory is simply a legend,” said the Mouse, and set to work again with his chisel.

“Come on,” the Black Knight said to Alice. “Are you going to the Queen’s croquet party?”

“The Queen,” said the Mouse, turning round again, “is a complete fabrication. There never was such a person.”

As Alice and the Black Knight walked away, Alice asked:

“Does n’t he believe in anything?”

“Nothing but himself,” replied the Black Knight.

CHAPTER V

TWEEDLE AND TWADDLE

THEY were standing under a tree, each with his hand over the other's mouth. At first Alice had some difficulty in telling them apart, they were dressed so exactly alike, but she soon noticed that one of them had a very sad expression.

“That must be Twaddle,” she thought. “I have heard somewhere that he has a gloomy disposition. I wonder if they can tell me the way out of the wood.”

“Please —” she began aloud.

“Don’t say that,” cried both the little men together, uncovering each other’s mouth; “it is n’t literary.”

“I’m not trying to be literary,” Alice said.

“But you *should* try,” said Twaddle, “especially when you are in our company. You see, we are very literary.”

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

“Yes,” said Tweedle pointing to Twaddle; “*he* is so literary that he’s absolutely unintelligible.”



Twaddle gave a deep sigh, and two large tears rolled down his cheeks.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

“What *is* the matter?” said Alice. “You must have hurt his feelings.”

“Oh no,” said Tweedle. “He is just taking himself seriously, that’s all. He is pretty good at it, but I can do almost as well. Watch me.”

Thereupon Tweedle also heaved a deep sigh and two large tears trickled down *his* cheeks. This made Alice feel very uncomfortable. She thought she ought to say something to cheer them up, but was not quite certain how to begin.

“Can you tell me,” she asked at last, “the way out of the wood?”

Twaddle dried his eyes with a large yellow pocket-handkerchief.

“I don’t know how to *go* out,” he said, “but I can tell you how to *come* out. I come out every month. That’s why I am sometimes called the *Monthly*.”

“And I come out every other week,” said Tweedle.

“Are you coming out this week?” asked Alice.

IN CAMBRIDGE

“No. I come out last week and next week, but never this week,” said Tweedle.



“But you must come out this week sometimes,” Alice said.

“No, I don’t,” replied Tweedle. “I come

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

out every *other* week. This week is n't any *other* week."

"How dreadfully confusing," said Alice.

"I knew he would confuse you," said Twaddle. "He's almost as unintelligible as I am. That's one reason why he is sometimes called an *Advocate*."

"Are advocates confusing?" asked Alice.

"You would n't ask that," said Twaddle, shaking his head sadly, "if you had ever been to law."

"Have *you* ever been to law?" Alice asked.

"Not exactly," said Twaddle, "but if we combine as they want us to, there is sure to be trouble."

"A combination in restraint of trade, you see," Tweedle explained.

"But it would be a great advantage to you," said Alice, "to join hands instead of covering each other's mouth."

"Exactly," said Twaddle, "the law and the profits."

Alice could not see that this last re-

IN CAMBRIDGE

mark made any sense at all, but she said nothing.

“Would you like to hear some poetry?”
Tweedle said after a pause.

“Not if it’s very long,” said Alice.

Tweedle paid no attention to her, but cleared his throat and began in a very solemn voice:

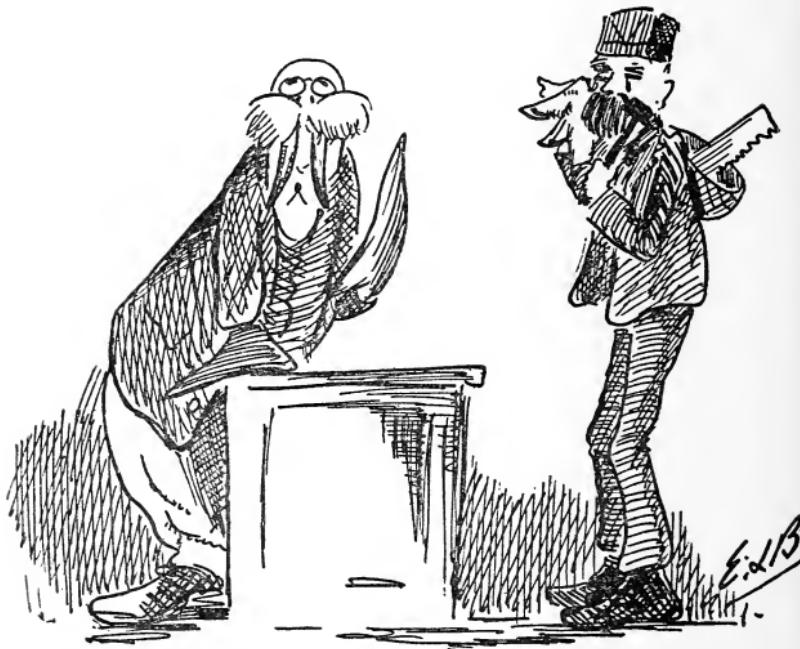
“The Taussig and the Bushnell Hart
Were lecturing in Greek.
They wept like anything to see
The benches bare and bleak.
'If these were only occupied,'
They said, 'why, we would speak.'

'If seven grinds with seven heads
Sat here for half a year,
Do you suppose,' the Taussig said,
'That we could make it clear?'
'I doubt it,' said the Bushnell Hart,
And shed a bitter tear.

'O Students, come and listen now,'
The Taussig did beseech,
'Political Economy
Is what I strive to teach,
The Bushnell Hart will also make
An unimpassioned speech.'

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

The Senior Student looked at him,
 But never a word he said;
The Senior Student winked his eye,
 And shook his wise old head —
Meaning to say that when *he* slept
 He liked to have a bed.



But younger Students hurried up,
 And even took the pains
To bring their note-books and their pens
 For intellectual gains.
And this was odd, because, you know,
 They had n't any brains.

IN CAMBRIDGE

‘The time has come,’ the Taussig said,
‘To lecture by and large
Upon the unearned increment
Of Cleopatra’s Barge,
And what the scale of prices is
When buying stocks on marge.’

‘And I,’ the Bushnell Hart began,
‘Will speak of many things:
First, whether slaves were really slaves,
Or whether they wore rings;
Or whether John Brown’s Body
Has started sprouting wings.’

‘A diagram,’ the Taussig said,
‘Perhaps will tell you more
Of what I mean in heading G,
Sub-heading number four.’
The Students all were silent
Excepting for a snore.

The Taussig and the Bushnell Hart
Talked on an hour or so,
Elucidating simple facts
That Students ought to know.
(The two back rows were fast asleep;
The rest were feeling low.)

‘O Students,’ said the Bushnell Hart,
‘What have you learned to-day?’

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

Did you enjoy my anecdotes?"
The Students did not say;
And this was scarcely odd, because
They all had passed away."

"How very interesting!" said Alice after it was finished.

"Contrariwise," Twaddle remarked. "It is n't poetry. I could understand every single word of it."

CHAPTER VI

THE QUEEN'S CROQUET PARTY

ALICE walked on until she came to a very curious-looking gateway made of red bricks. Through it she could just catch a glimpse of some buildings which looked like the pictures she had seen of prisons, and a few tall poles which she thought might be gallows. While she was standing in front of the gateway trying to make out what was written over it, the White Rabbit came hurrying up.

“Come,” said the White Rabbit, “get out of my way, or I shall be late for the Queen’s croquet party.”

“Oh!” cried Alice, “may I go with you?”

The White Rabbit looked at her in surprise.

“Of course you may come if you *want* to,” he said.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

“Don’t I have to have an invitation card?” asked Alice.

“You have to go if you have one,” the White Rabbit replied. “But otherwise you can do as you please. Come on.”

Alice was very fond of croquet, and as the White Rabbit seemed to expect her to go with him, she followed him through the gate. When they were in the grounds Alice saw that what she had thought were gallows were really trees with their tops sawed off.

“What have they done to the poor trees?” she cried in amazement.

“Those are the famous Harvard elms,” replied the White Rabbit. “The Queen lost her temper with them the other day, and ordered their heads cut off, which accounts for their strange appearance.”

“What a terrible person the Queen must be,” said Alice. “Oh! and what are those?” she cried, pointing to the prison-like buildings.

“They are the Senior Dormitories,” the White Rabbit replied.

IN CAMBRIDGE

“I suppose they are called that because they are older than any others,” said Alice. Then a new idea struck her. “I met a dormouse to-day,” she said. “Do dormice live in dormitories?”

“Rats and mice of all kinds live in *these* dormitories, they are so old,” said the White Rabbit, shaking his head sadly. “But they serve to unite the Class.”

“Is the Class so very far apart?” asked Alice.

“Only one yard now,” replied the White Rabbit, “but it used to be miles and miles. Wait till you see Conant and Perkins.”

Alice was so puzzled by this remark that she was just about to ask the White Rabbit to explain, when she saw a large procession approaching. It was headed by the King and Queen, and after them came the Black Knight and a whole troop of other people whom Alice thought must be courtiers. When the procession came near, the Queen stepped out and looked fiercely at Alice.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

“Do you play croquet?” she asked in a harsh voice.

“A little,” said Alice; “that is, —”

“You 've been cutting,” roared the Queen, stamping her foot. “Off with her head!”

“Not yet! Not yet! your Majesty,” said the Black Knight. “You forget we have n't begun the game yet.”

“Take your places!” shouted the Queen.

Instantly everyone began to rush about in wild confusion. Alice soon found herself with a large fountain-pen for a mallet in her hand, standing in front of a hoop which was evidently meant to be a wicket, though it did n't seem to have any connection with the rest of the hoops which were scattered all over the grass with no attempt at order. As for the ball, it was nowhere to be seen, and Alice was wondering what she ought to do, when the King came up to her with a note-book in his hand.

“Have you gone through this wicket?” he asked.

“No,” Alice replied; “I can't find any

IN CAMBRIDGE

ball. Won't you please tell me what to do?"

"You have been cutting a little too much lately," remarked the King apologetically. "You ought to stop. That's all. Good morning."

"He must be the Recorder," Alice said to herself as he trotted away. "I suppose the Queen will be here soon and have my head cut off if I don't begin to play."

The game was now at its height, and the Queen was rushing about ordering executions right and left.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" Alice heard the White Rabbit muttering as he hurried by her on his way to the next wicket. "I almost wish she *would* take my head off. After that party last night — oh dear! oh dear!"

Just then Alice looked up and saw the Queen standing in front of her.

"What are you doing?" said the Queen in a terrible voice.

"Nothing, your Majesty," Alice began timidly.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

“Off with his head!” roared the Queen, pointing to her.

“But it’s not a *he*,” cried the Black Knight, hurrying up. “It’s a *she*.”

“It can’t be a *she*,” replied the Queen. “This is n’t Radcliffe. Off with his head!”



“What is the matter, my dear?” said the King, as he ran up very much out of breath.

“Matter enough!” cried the Queen, pointing to Alice. “They say I can’t take off his head because it’s not a *he* but a *she*.”

IN CAMBRIDGE

“Well,” said the King very seriously, “if it’s a *she*, of course you can’t take off *his* head. However, let’s see what I can do about it.”

Hereupon he took from his pocket a large ball of red tape and began to wind it around Alice. He was so clumsy about it, however, that he managed to get first himself all tangled up in it, and then the Queen, without getting Alice in it at all. The Queen did her best to get out, but only succeeded in getting more wound up in it than ever, and finally stood there roaring, “Off with his head!” at the top of her lungs. It was such a funny sight that Alice could hardly keep from bursting out laughing. At last the King and Queen stopped struggling and both looked at Alice severely.

“Don’t stand there like an idiot,” said the King, very much out of breath. “Do something sensible.”

“Recite ‘You are old, Father William,’ if you can,” remarked the Queen.

Alice drew a long breath and began:

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

“ ‘You are old, Widow Nolen,’ the young man said,
‘Yet your mind is as keen as a knife;
With facts and with figures you ’ve filled up my
head.
Should you do it at your time of life?’



‘In my youth,’ said the sage, as he stopped for a
drink,
‘I was dull as an elderly cow;
And repeated each course so often, I think
That I ought to remember them now.’

‘You are old,’ said the youth, ‘and you doubtless
are rich.
I suppose you can do as you please;

IN CAMBRIDGE

But is it because of a miserly itch
That you charge such exorbitant fees?"

'I have answered one question,' said Nolen. 'Now come,

You owe me three dollars or more;
I don't answer questions for less than that sum.
Be off, or I 'll raise it to four.'"

"Oh dear," said Alice after she had finished, "it does n't seem quite right somehow."

"It is wrong from beginning to end," remarked the King.

"Even if I can't have your head off," said the Queen, "I shall put you on probation for reciting such nonsense."

"Don't be ridiculous," said Alice. She was feeling quite bold, as the Queen was helpless in the net of red tape. As she walked away she heard the Black Knight say:

"Well, that 's the first I ever saw the red tape *save* anyone."

CHAPTER VII

ALICE AND THE WHITE KNIGHT

A LICE wandered on through the Yard, gazing with delight at the groups of old ladies walking in the paths and admiring the buildings.

“The dear little things!” she cried, “I wonder if I could come near enough to them to catch one.”

“You must n’t touch them,” said a voice. “They are probably all related to me. I have so *many* relations around Boston.”

Alice turned and saw a very pleasant-looking person in white tin armor seated on a wooden hobby horse. He was smiling in such a friendly fashion that Alice instantly felt a great liking for him.

“It’s the White Knight, of course,” she said to herself. “What a strange horse!” she continued aloud. “Can it move?”

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

The White Knight looked a little offended at her remark.



“It’s a very *nice* horse,” he said. “It’s one of my hobbies. I have three or four others, but I almost always ride this one.”

“What is its name?” asked Alice.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

“Reform of the Elective System,” said the White Knight. “It’s my own invention.”

“What do you call it for short?” Alice asked.

“I have n’t called it that for long yet,” replied the White Knight. “You don’t consider three years long, do you? By the way, what do you think of my Freshman Dormitory?” he said, pointing to a square box which was hanging, with a great many other things, such as garden tools and bunches of asparagus, to his saddle. “You see I made it without any opening to keep the Freshmen together, and also so they can’t get out at night.”

“But if it has no opening, how are you going to get them in?” said Alice.

The Knight’s face fell.

“I never thought of that,” he said sadly. “But after all this is only an architect’s model. It has n’t actually been built yet.”

“Oh, then you can easily change it,” said Alice.

IN CAMBRIDGE

“It has n’t been built yet,” the White Knight went on without paying any attention to her, “and I don’t believe it ever *was* built or ever *will* be built, but it’s my own invention.”

He seemed so very sorrowful about it that Alice thought she had better not say anything more, and they went on for some time in silence.

“I don’t suppose you have any red tape with you,” the White Knight remarked at last.

“No,” said Alice, “but the Queen and the Recorder have some. I saw them with it.”

“Ah, they find it very useful,” the White Knight said. “Do you know what I want it for?”

“I have n’t the least idea why *anybody* should want it,” Alice replied.

“Well, you see my little collection,” said the White Knight, pointing to his saddle. “I want to divide them up better. I have done something in that way already, but I used up all my red tape. I call it the Group System. It’s my own invention.”

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

“Oh, you want to tie them up in little bundles!” cried Alice.

“Exactly,” replied the White Knight. “Now, you see, here are a rake and a hammer tied together. I call them History and Literature. That makes a Group. It’s all my own invention.”

“But supposing somebody wanted History and Botany instead,” Alice remarked.

“He could n’t have it,” said the White Knight. “They don’t go together well.”

“It’s all very puzzling, I’m sure,” said Alice.

“That’s the best part of it,” the White Knight replied. “But now I’m afraid I must leave you. You see, I have to go to five committee meetings, make three speeches and lay a few corner-stones before dark.”

“How *do* you get time to invent so many things?” asked Alice.

“An ounce of invention is worth a pound of cure, you know,” replied the White Knight. “But let me recite you some poetry about it.”

IN CAMBRIDGE

“I don’t like *all* poetry,” Alice said.

“But you will like *this*,” said the White Knight. “It’s my own invention.”

He then began in a sing-song voice:

“I ’ll tell thee everything I can
In sober mood and tense.

I saw a little Eli man
A-sitting on a fence.

‘Who are you, little man?’ I said,
‘And how do you come here?’

And his answer trickled through my head,
Escaping by one ear.

He said, ‘I tap for Skull and Bones
Beneath the Campus trees,
And beat my head against the stones
When they all go to Keys;
But Owen Johnson’s spoiled our fun,
Our tombs are dark and cold;
And Sophomores from us do run,
And won’t do what they ’re told.’

But I was thinking of a scheme
To make all Students work
By putting over them, as Dean,
An energetic Turk.
So, having missed what he had said,
With a forbidding frown,

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

I hit him gently on the head,
And shook him up and down.

He said, 'I sit upon this fence,
A Y upon my chest.

A frat-pin costing fifty cents
Adorns my fancy vest.

I've played upon the Football team,
I've rowed upon the Crew,
Phi Beta Kappa is my dream,
(Albeit somewhat new.)

'Religion, Football and the News —
I heeled them — not for fun,
Nor yet because I held the views
That such things should be done.
In College Life I did not fail,'
He cried in stalwart tones,
'Because I worked for dear old Yale,
And good old Skull and Bones.'

I heard him then, for I had done
Forming a plan for morn
Of building a Dormitory on
An island near Cape Horn.
I thanked him for his kindly speech.
It cheered me up a lot,
For, although we may fail to teach,
A Bones we have *not* got.

And now, if e'er by chance I see
Fair Harvard in the soup,

IN CAMBRIDGE

Or men of promise fail with E
Because they took a Group,
Or when I see *all* Students fail,
 Or, what is worse, get locked in jail,
Or the Dean arrested without bail,
 Or Sever sold at a bankrupt sale,
Or when the Gold Coast makes me quail,
 Or the Social System turns me pale,
I laugh, and say in thankful tones,
 ‘Though troubles weigh on me like stones,
At least, *here* is no Skull and Bones.’ ”

“How very pretty!” said Alice, after he had finished. “I enjoyed it very much.”

“Good-bye,” said the White Knight. “You go through that arched gateway and the whole world is before you. I have said the same thing before in Bacteriological Sermons.”

“You mean Baccalaureate, don’t you?” asked Alice.

“It makes no difference what I mean,” the White Knight said. “But the germs of truth must be there.”

“Good-bye,” said Alice. “Do you know you are *quite* the nicest person I have met in Cambridge.”

ALICE'S ADVENTURES

"It 's worth while being a White Knight just to hear you say that," the White Knight



answered as he turned his horse about and slowly rode away. Alice watched his strange figure from the gateway as he went riding

IN CAMBRIDGE

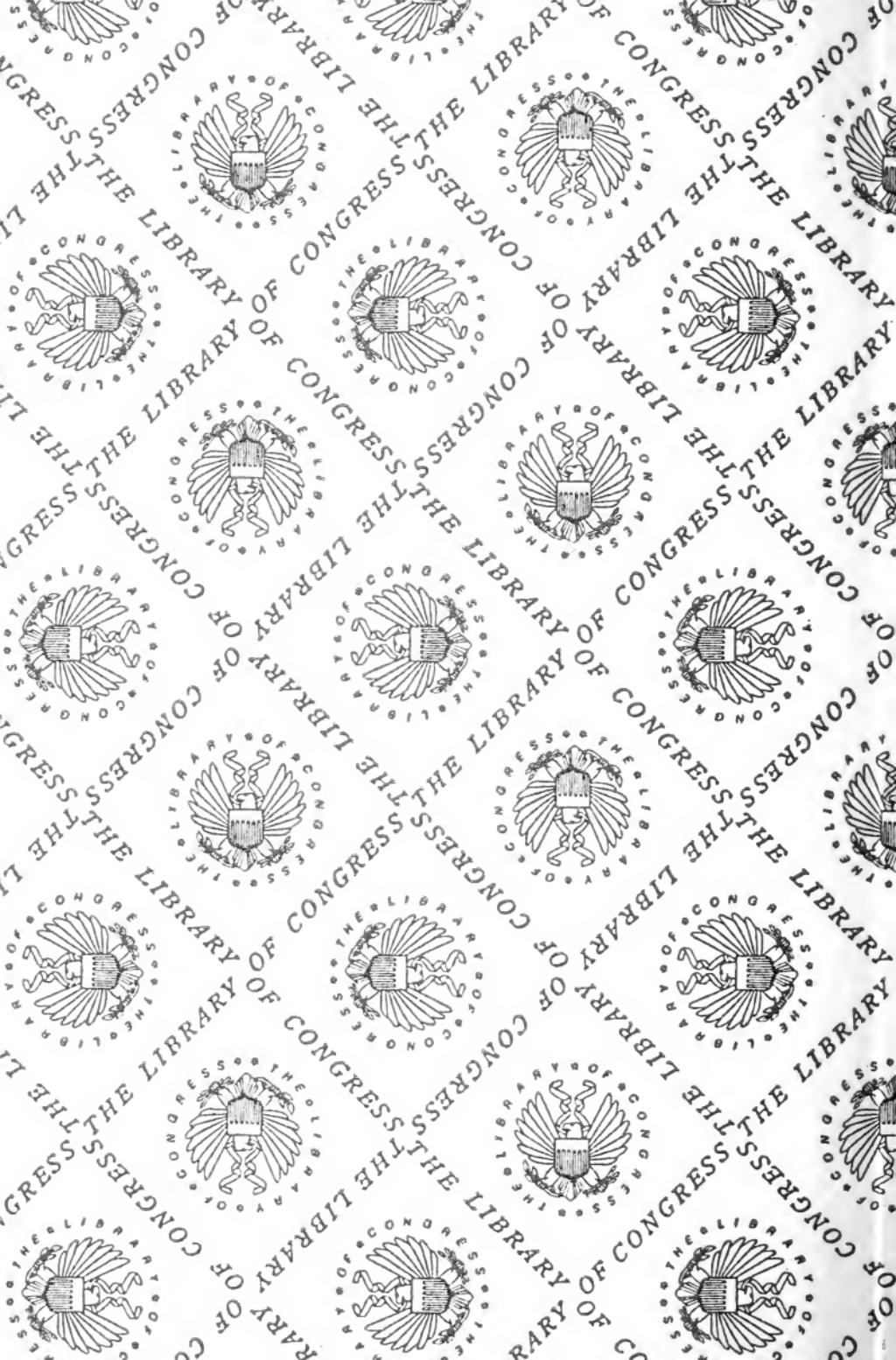
over the grass in the twilight. Long years afterwards, of all the people she saw in her visit to Cambridge, she remembered this one as having impressed her most. Just before

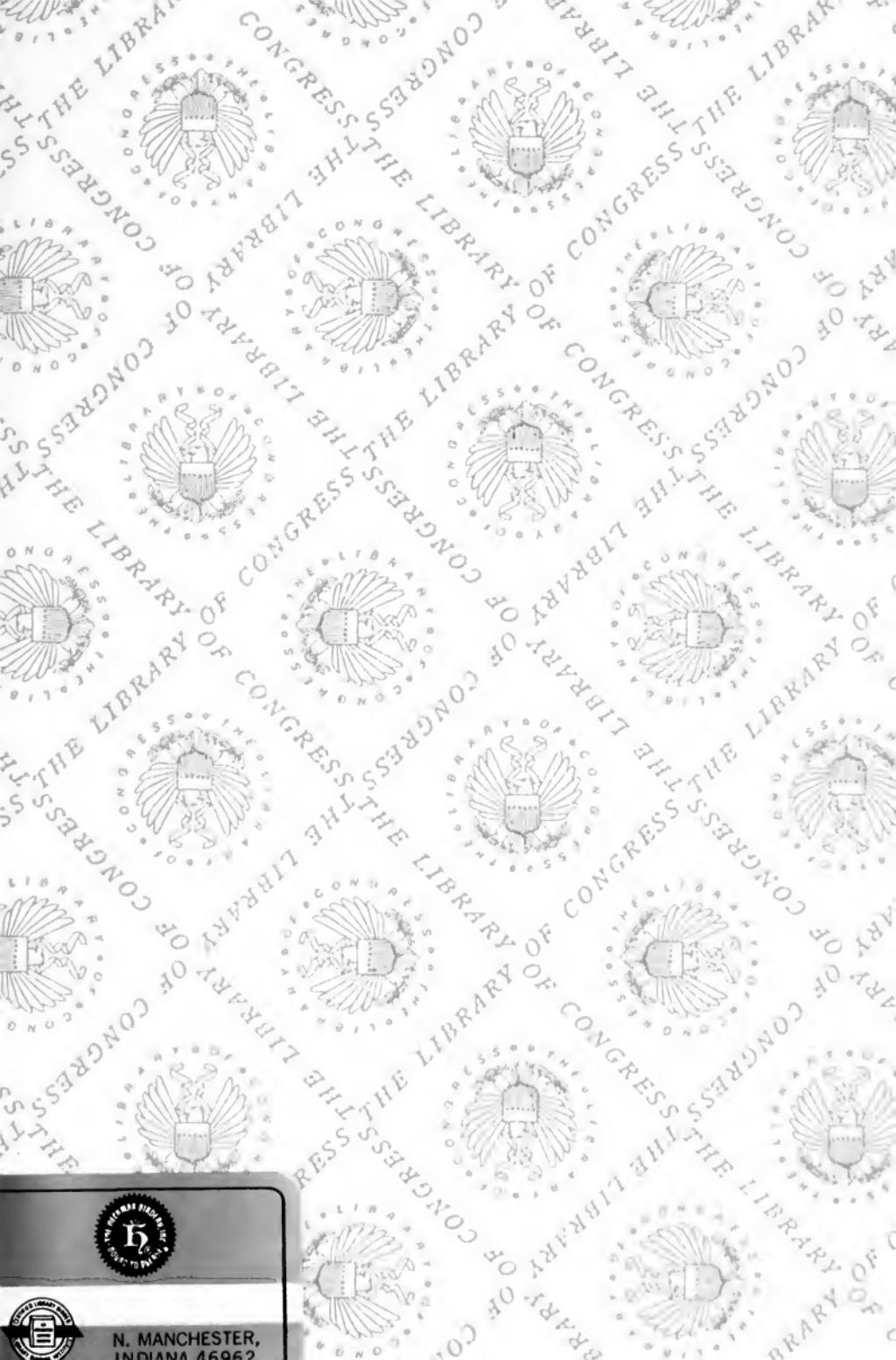


he disappeared from view he turned round and waved his hand.

“Good-bye,” cried Alice. “I hope some-time soon I can come again.”

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